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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The writer spent the first half of April at York, Pa., and therefore had to rely on his friend, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, to supply the information which makes up the account of EASTER AT ALL SOULS', April 4th, 1926. Though seemingly late in reporting, it retains historical value which makes it worth giving now.

Easter is a great Church day everywhere, but it is generally something more to All Souls' Church for the Deaf, where the service attracts the deaf within a wide radius and is adapted to them. Immediately following this service, or as the last part of it, came the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the late Rev. C. O. Dantzer. The usual Easter decorations were evident and the attendance above two hundred and fifty.

The service began with Holy Communion, the Pastor, Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, M. A., S. T. B., being celebrant, and he was assisted by the Rev. James O. McIlhenny, Rector of the Church of the Resurrection, and long identified with Church Work Among the Deaf here. The sermon was preached by the Pastor from the text I St. John 2: 17; the subject being THE ETERNAL BLESSEDNESS OF OBEDIENCE."

"And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doth the will of God abideth forever."

"We are met here today to observe again the recurring festival of Easter. It is one of the two great festivals in the Christian calendar that we observe with more than ordinary gladness. As on Christmas we celebrate the anniversary of our Lord's birth, so on Easter we rejoice in His victory over death. Just as Christmas and the holy Nativity embody our ideals of a new earth, so does Easter and the Resurrection pledge our hope of Heaven. In the former we see our promise of a better world in which to live, with "peace on earth and goodwill to men." In the latter we see our warrant for the daily petition: "Thy Kingdom come." In the latter we are lead to look heavenward—to the contemplation of those things, beyond human knowledge, which God has prepared for them that love Him. Christmas emphasizes for us the possibility of a heaven upon earth, if only men will be governed by the moving spirit of God. Then, lest we gain a wrong perspective, Easter comes to remind us of this world's transitory nature.

Our text will therefore be the 17th verse in the second chapter of the First Epistle of Saint John, which says: "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he who doth the will of God abideth forever." This text resolves itself naturally into two lines of thought; first, the transitory character of the world; and second, our hope of immortality and the conditions prescribed for attaining it.

The transitoriness of the world is almost synonymous with the brief span of our earthly existence. Nature and human life are full of analogies; a fact which is nowhere better witnessed than in our Ninetieth Psalm—the Psalm which we love to repeat at the burial of our dead. Life is compared to fitful slumber; to a flood—the waters high now and now disappeared and swallowed up in its boundless ocean; to grass, luxuriantly green today, dried up and withered tomorrow—to a tale that is told, of which the memory alone remains, the words being gone forever.

These analogies are real. No man can walk through life without being impressed by them. Today it is Spring, and the face of the earth is awakening to life, like the first signs of expressive intelligence upon the face of a little child in its mother's arms. Soon we will feel the stationary heat of Summer, which is the symbol of ripe manhood, with its toll, its responsibility, its burden of duty. Then comes the Fall of the year, when forest and field grow beautiful in colors of saffron and gold as they prepare for the sleep of winter. How often human character corresponds, in that we take no conscious thought for beautifying our own souls until death is visibly near. The sure cycle is completed with the advent of stern Winter, which comes all too soon upon us. So does old age often overtake us unawares. To those who are young, the winter of the year may import only a feeling of melancholy, but to the aged its effect is chastening. But all alike are impressed with a sense of transitoriness of things.

II. This sense of ephemerality carries with it also a feeling of loss. We are impressed with the resistless flight of time. In our early years every thing constitutes a new and interesting adventure. Youth stands on the threshold of life, and is fired with enthusiasm and the pure joy of living. Behind youth lies nothing for which serious thought need be taken; but who shall say what new discoveries, what thrilling adventures, may not lie ahead? Every sensation every association, is new; and even pain is interesting by its novelty. But time soon ends all that; and presently we find only a dreary monotony. Every pleasure and every pain is measured then by its effect upon old wounds, by its excitation of past memories. Youth embarks upon the sea of life, Columbus-like, to explore uncharted waters; but age, like an Alexander, longs

for new sensations, for new worlds to explore and conquer.

Thus do we reach that stage in our earthly existence when every thing seems only a loss. Numberless pleasant intimacies have departed never more to be seen in this world. The few pews before us which we see filled today, were occupied by others but a year ago. Measured by the ceaseless changes which we see on every hand, it seems already so long while since this pulpit, which I now occupy, was so ably filled by my predecessor, the late Mr. Dantzer. Time exacts its heavy toll, and every passing year adds its burden to our sense of loss. We float down the river of time, borne upon its rapid, resistless current. At first every scene is pleasantly new as we drift further and further down the stream. Now we see fertile valleys and broad green plains, now we pass through stern and rocky gorges. Soon we reach the widening bay, beyond which we can see the boundless ocean. Forgotten are the alluring green shores in the very wonder of it. So does the world lose much of its spell upon us as the soul seeks to pierce the mystery of eternity. Every thing seems transitory. Or at most, it is only recurring, like the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tides. God seems to be saying to us, as He has said to Moses: "Pause, and number thy days; for they are numbered."

III. Again, we will come to feel a sense of futility, of non-attainment. At first the tide of youth rises high with hope. Ambition, the desire for great achievement, spurs us on to realize our unlimited aspirations. We are encouraged by the sight of numberless cunning inventions, of science triumphing over the seemingly impossible, until we almost believe that man has finally conquered Nature. All about us are the marvels wrought by mechanical genius. The voice of man has leaped the oceans; his powers of flight have conquered the air; his engines of speed are reducing whole continents to the comparative size of his ancestral estates.

But presently we see the material progress for what it really is: a mirage, a mere hallucination of the brain. When we are gone, then all of it will mean for us no more than the mere measure of our toil. So does the vision of the oasis spur the thirst-crazed desert traveller on and on, until he falls exhausted, upon the blazing sands. It impels him to cover a few more leagues of weary distance, and that is all. Today we may ramble among the ruins of Nineveh, or gaze in wonder at the Pyramids of Egypt. But what of the people who built them? Were they not once fired with the lust of achievement, even as we are now? Tyrant and benefactor, master and slave among them, all alike are gone. The evidence of their futile toil alone remains, valueless or in ruins. To employ again the words of the Psalmist, "we fade away suddenly like the grass."

The names of great men who once awed the world, are today only memories. Even whole nations have come and gone. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of"—History—biography—the ever changing face of Nature—all tell us that "This world passeth away."

4. And not only is the world itself transitory, but even "the lust thereof" passeth away. Though the span of life is limited, our capacity for enjoying the world is more circumscribed still. There is something about earthly pleasures which specially cloys the palate, like the partaking of too much sweets. Only in the period of unsatisfied youth can we say with the poet: "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky!" All too soon the rainbow, the wet green grass, the bursting brook, the freshly clarified morning, fail to excite even purity in heart and zest of life which we knew in youth. In time even the excitement of commercial enterprise or the burning fever of the gaming table, lose their power of attraction. In proportion as we drink deeply we are satisfied.

It is a spectacle for men and angels where a man has become permanently old in his experience of the world, has been satisfied with its pleasures before his time. Such there are who would gladly have done with the whole thing at once and exchange the garment for the shroud. The pity of it is that so few have learned he blessedness of right living. Far too many of us have made our lives a mere round of monotonous daily performances. Habits of labor and worry over earthly things, the struggle for fame and wealth, have chained us more and more securely to the world. Just so does a tree, in its effort to attain a larger growth, send its roots deeper and deeper into the soil in quest of moisture, and in doing so binds itself more firmly to the ground. We cling desperately to our earthly existence, not because it is wholly pleasant and agreeable, but because eternity seems very dark.

Such is life! We journey through it as a child travels in a railway train. Outside the window he sees the landscape circling rapidly away from his view. Rivers, mountains, plains, alternately present themselves to his enchanted gaze. It is vain to argue with him that he is experiencing an optical illusion; that he himself, and not the landscape is doing the actual moving. He is heedless of time. A little while, and he is already wearied. The train rushes onward to its destination, but he has already fallen into the slumber of oblivion.

If this world be all, then it may be wise so to live. But all our being cries against the thought of total annihilation. The kind word we have spoken, the generous impulse we have felt, the noble thoughts we have entertained, the pure affection we have given to family and friends—can these pass away utterly? Can they die? The world, and all our desire for worldly things, may pass away; but the soul which has known a conscious obedience to the will of God has already received the knowledge of a life everlasting.

II. There is, then, a right direction, an educative use, to which our earthly existence can be put. The venerable Saint John has told us that "he who doeth the will of God abideth forever." There is emphasis upon the word "doeth."

In contrast to the transitoriness of the world, we are taught to realize that stability of abode. Christian life must be one of action—not mere speculation, not debating, but doing. Even our proverbs, which are the distillation of human experience, tell us that—we say a tree is known by its fruits, that actions speak more authoritatively than words. Your feelings change, your opinions are mutable; but what you do, that remains—remains in you. Man, we are told is a creature of habit. What else does that mean but that our characters, our real selves, are only what our repeated acts have made them? What we have done for God, for Christ, that and that only is what we shall be through all eternity. For "wherefore should God destroy the work of thy hands?" You may think justly, feel rightly, but what of your acts? "This do," said Jesus to the inquiring lawyer, "and thou shalt live."

There is then a distinction between the act and the actor. It is not the thing which has been done, but the doer of it, who lasts. A kind deed may be forgotten by the recipient, but the effect of that kindness upon the giver will never disappear. The thirst-quenching water may be offered in the name of Christ, to one unworthy of receiving it; but who will believe that the love which prompted its giving will have passed away? The love of Christ is as real, is as potent today as ever it was on the Cross of Calvary.

An act may fail, but the doer of it abideth forever. It is this very principle which makes the Resurrection of our Lord on that first Easter morn so comfortingly real to us. We may doubt, like Thomas, the reality of His bodily Resurrection from the grave; but even so, we know that His spirit of sacrifice, His sympathy, His divine love for erring humanity—all these things abide forever. No chance circumstances of bodily corruption, of physical decay, can effect their enduring permanence. Now, then, we may kneel in wonder before that measureless Divine love, and exclaim with Thomas: "My Lord, and my God!" For it is not the physical presence of Christ, not his earthly body, which can save us. Our salvation, our hope for a life to come, rest upon His love for us. And that love, displayed once at the Cross, we know can never die. Even so it is with those who die in the Lord: "They rest from their labors," saith the Spirit, "and their works do follow them."

2. But observe, that our actions merely as such are of small avail. "Bodily exercise," said the Apostle, "profiteth little." Our acts must be in conformity with the Divine desire. "He who doeth the will of God," he only "abideth forever." The self-surrender of Gethsemane and the submission on the Cross, these preceded Easter and the Resurrection. Obedience is the vehicle of spiritual knowledge, the divinely ordained means by which the soul attains to a near fellowship with God. It makes us fellow-laborers with Him. As a man who continually copies a painted masterpiece grows to a comprehension of the genius which produced the picture, so does the soul attain its knowledge of the Creator. The life of the spirit, immortality—these are things which our physical senses never revealed to man. "Eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." And not only has human eye never seen, but it never can see, the Heaven of eternity. Only obedience, the things of the spirit, can ever open for us the doors of eternal reality. We are commanded so to live that our souls, having outgrown the things of the world, even as a child outgrows its toys, may pass naturally into the endless maturity of everlasting life.

3. And not only is the world itself transitory, but even "the lust thereof" passeth away. Though the span of life is limited, our capacity for enjoying the world is more circumscribed still. There is something about earthly pleasures which specially cloys the palate, like the partaking of too much sweets. Only in the period of unsatisfied youth can we say with the poet: "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky!" All too soon the rainbow, the wet green grass, the bursting brook, the freshly clarified morning, fail to excite even purity in heart and zest of life which we knew in youth. In time even the excitement of commercial enterprise or the burning fever of the gaming table, lose their power of attraction. In proportion as we drink deeply we are satisfied.

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Resurrection contain only happiness, only joyful reality. When all else is gone, he at least abides forever.

After the celebration of Holy Communion, a procession formed, led by the Choir, (Mrs. Warren M. Smaltz, Mrs. Charles W. Waterhouse, Miss Anna Mathews, Miss Iva D. DuGan, Miss Lillian F. Leaming, Mrs. William G. Thomas,) then Lay Readers Lipsett and Stevens, the clergy, Reverends Smaltz and McIlhenny, with the congregation following in the rear, and proceeded up the centre aisle to the vestibule which separates the church from the parish-house. There, near the main entrance to the church and Parish House, on the east wall, the memorial tablet was unveiled by the little granddaughter of the man whose memory it was designed to honor, Maud Dantzer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dantzer. Rev. Drs. Louis C. Washburn and Charles Bratten DuBell joined the clergy in the exercises here. After Rev. Smaltz had made the dedicatory address, each of the hearing clergy present added a short eulogistic address, interpreted in signs by Mr. Joseph E. Lipsett. Then Miss Lillian F. Leaming signed Hymn 179, which was followed by the Benedictus.

The inscription on the memorial tablet is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
CHARLES ORVIS DANTZER, M.A.
BORN SEPT. 19, 1864 DIED OCT. 26, 1924
For Nineteen Years the Pastor of All Souls' Church—1904-1923

The Church, Parish House and Rectory were acquired during his Pastorate. This Church is in true sense his monument. Erected by the deaf, 1926.

N. B. Owing to the length of this account, news items will be postponed until next week.

J. S. R.

Eastern Iowa.

Some weeks ago the deaf of Davenport, Iowa, met at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Sharra's home, where they formed a society, called Davenport Foundation Fund Club. Mrs. O. T. Osterberg was chosen as a chairman and Mr. W. A. Nelson as a Secretary-Treasurer. There were about twelve present. Others could not come because of bad weather.

Mrs. Ida Doescher, of Clinton, Ia., is getting along happily with her hearing husband and four bright children.

Her husband is a salesman for the Cudahy Packing Co., in Clinton, Ia.

Walter Hildendorf lives in Lyons, Ia., a suburb of Clinton. He lives with his mother and takes care of her.

April 17th, the deaf of the Tri-Cities had a Guessing Party at the I. O. O. F. Hall. A good sum was realized, which will go to the N. F. S. D. Convention delegation.

Harald H. Christensen has quit his job as a draftsman at the Gordon-Vau-Tine Co., two weeks ago, where he has been employed since last fall, and gone to accept a similar position for W. J. Brown (Architect) at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

F. R. Keard is having his new \$9,000 semi-bungalow under construction on Malaisia Road, Goodyear Heights. They expect to complete the house by the first of June.

There will be room for two automobiles in the basement, 5 rooms and bath on first floor, and 4 rooms and bath on second floor. The house will be finished throughout with oak. It occupies an advantageously overlooking hill out in the woods near the end of Goodyear Heights.

John M. Jacobson, who is employed as a linotype operator at the Times-Press office, has bought a lot in Good-year Heights and expects to have a new seven room house going up this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Mohr, of Cleveland, stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Bauer on Hamlin Street, and Mr. and Mrs. Munger stayed with Ayers on Malaisia Road, after the Saturday entertainment.

Miss Lizzie Tussell, of Alabama, employed in the Heel Department at the Goodyear Company, was struck by an automobile while crossing the streets, and taken to City Hospital. At this writing it is reported she is slightly improved, and is at her rooming house.

Arthur Rasmussen has traded his old buick touring car for a new 1925 Buick sedan, which will be delivered shortly.

Chas. Weaver traded his Buick touring car for a new Hudson Brougham recently and is now polishing up for the trip to Chicago Division, No. I. O. O. F. Jubilee celebration. He has got passengers to fill up his car for the trip.

The Akron Advance Society for the Deaf held its business meeting on Sunday afternoon of April 11th in the Goodyear Hall. It has decided to hold a Box Supper Social some time soon to buy a thermostat for the heating system of the Ohio Home for the Aged Deaf, and to hold a joint picnic with the Cleveland Silents Auto Club and the Akron Pennsylvania Club, on July 4th and 5th, at some place to be chosen later.

EVEN THE RAGMAN HAS HIS UPS AND DOWNS. Clippings from tailors' shops, which a year ago were only worth four and a half cents a pound, now sell for ten and a half, and those that are nearly all wool bring as high as twenty-two cents a pound. The next thing we know the ragman will be driving around in a six-cylinder car.

Akron, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Seinensohn and Mr. and Mrs. W. McConnell motored to Niles, Ohio, a recent Saturday and stayed over Sunday with the parents of Mrs. Seinensohn and McConnell, and enjoyed a big dinner.

Robert Bradley has come to Akron with Mr. and Mr. C. B. Ensworth, after their recent vacation trip touring in their Chandler car over the East as far as South Carolina, coming back through Kentucky and stopped at the Kentucky School for the Deaf, where they met A. D. Martin, who is a teacher and physical director at that school. Mr. Bradley hopes to land his old job as a machinist at the Good-year.

The Akron Division, No. 55, N. F. S. D., gave a dramatic play, entitled "Never Again," in the Chapel of the Children's Home on South Arlington Street, Saturday evening, April 10th, and turned out a huge success. All characters in the play did well. The crowd was one of the largest Akron Division has drawn for such a play for some time. Those who starred in the play are William Pfunder, Frank Andreweski, C. M. Thompson, Russel Shannon, Mrs. H. W. Smith, Mrs. George Murphy and Miss Ella Berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Welton Stover, of Cleveland, stayed over the night of April 10th, with Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Butterbaugh, at 1570 Preston Avenue. A lady ran her car into Mr. Stover's Flint, which was parked out on the street, but satisfactory arrangement was made to pay all damages by the lady. When trying his car for repairs at the Flint garage, they made such a good offer for Mr. Stover's old Flint car,

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1926.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.

CHAPTER II

NAPLES

On the way from Monaco to Naples we passed the island of Elba, on which the great Napoleon lived a year before his exile to St. Helena. Also Corsica, of vendetta fame, and Sardinia. We go to Naples for a stay of two days on the return trip, so what I write here is only a part of what will be said about Naples.

The harbor of Naples is very fine, wide and protected. We reached there at night, while in the land of Morphus, therefore, we did not see Vesuvius until morning. The great volcano seems but a few miles away, but probably is twenty or more. It could be plainly seen, shooting up great volumes of smoke, sometimes tinged with flame. We looked on it with fascination. It has a round, wide cone, much larger and more active than Mt. Pelee, which we saw at Martinique last year. After the health officers' visit, and the customs office regulations had been complied with, we took automobiles in waiting near the Custom House, and with necks craned towards Vesuvius, started for the Naples Cathedral, which was the first stop of this particular shore excursion.

The cathedral is filled with remarkable busts of bronze, marble statues, and mural paintings. The walls and ceiling are decorated with group paintings that have a religious significance, and are marvelous examples of what the old masters have accomplished with the brush and easel. We were conducted to a chapel that had evidently been destroyed and in part replaced. Forming a part of its side walls were patches of artistic work that had escaped utter destruction, the white plaster areas lending a heightening effect to their distinct beauty. One framed oil painting probably had merits as a work of art, but its surface was so rough and curled as to require time to recognize any pictured representation. The guide hurried us away.

After half an hour spent in a lofty arcade, the autos took us to the museum. This building is very large and solidly constructed. With the exception of statues of some of the Emperors and great men of Rome—such as the Caesars, Socrates, Herodotus, etc.—it seems filled with relictus dug from Pompeii and Herculaneum, destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

There are mounted figures on horseback in bronze, that were made from castings of plaster poured through holes in hollow spots, when the ruins of Pompeii were uncovered. Instruments used by doctors, scales, lamps, braziers, jewelry, are arrayed in glass-covered cases. There are statuettes which a student of ancient history would judge to be the laces and penates of the household. Numberless busts and identified figures of celebrities of ancient days impress one with awe at the terrible calamity that swallowed up two cities and thousands of lives, when the lava and ashes from Vesuvius buried them nearly two thousand years ago.

After quitting the museum, we were driven over picturesque parts of Naples, stopping for luncheon at the palatial Hotel Excelsior. The meal was splendid—in napery, silver, crystal, floral decorations, viands and wine. Music enlivened the assemblage of diners in the great dining salon, and twice every one was brought to his or her feet when the strains of the Star Spangled Banner and God Save the Queen were played.

The excursion wound up with a

visit to San Martino, from which great heights the City of Naples, the bay and the volcano beyond, were spread before the view. The Aquarium also was visited and the strange sea fish were shuddered at or admired, according to the emotion their shape and color inspired.

Through narrow and populous streets, we were taken to the Adriatic an hour before the time set for sailing.

I took a snap at the view presented at San Martino, but time alone can decide if the picture will develop clearly.

Today is Sunday, and I attended the Episcopal service in the library. The Captain conducted it, and the entire assemblage joined in the hymns. One of the ladies next to whom I sat, showed me the prayers, lessons, and hymns of the service.

We have passed through the Strait of Messina that divides Italy and Sicily, and are now steaming through the Ionian Sea. We will go through the Cerigo Channel, past the Grecian Archipelago, to Athens—at least that is what the map says.

We are enjoying splendid weather, neither too cold or too warm, with plenty of sunshine. I only hope you are having half as good climatic conditions in New York during the changeable days of March.

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ATHENS, GREECE.

We left Naples on Saturday night, March 13th, about five o'clock, and steamed down the coast to the Strait of Messina. Italy is shaped like a boot, and at the toe is separated from Sicily by the Strait of Messina, through which we went into the Ionian Sea, through Cerigo Channel into the Sea of Candia, past the Cyclades Islands, and dropped anchor at Phaleron Bay at Athens, Greece.

A view of Athens from the ship is anything but inviting. The city meets the bay in shape something like a horseshoe. It appears to be built on a rock, or clay, embankment. There is noted the total absence of trees, and no greensward greets the eye—only white houses on an extensive bank of yellow clay. As the tender passed into a channel which seemed to form the port, we were in landing met by automobiles. They held five or six persons, and were very comfortable.

We were taken at once to the Acropolis. As you probably know that means the city fortress. (When I was a boy, I learned that *Acro* means a fort, and *Polis*, a city.) Our route was along dusty roads, in some parts badly in need of repair, but the trip was worth it. High up on an immense rock the Acropolis was built hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. There is a feeling of wonder at the sublime genius that flourished in the days of ancient Greece. Their masterpieces of art and sculpture and construction are amazing. How they got the huge pillars and sculptured friezes into such perfect symmetry and shape, is beyond comprehension.

Five hundred years before Christ came on earth, the supermen of Greece chiselled statues and reliefs almost divine in their perfection, and planted lessons of architecture that have been copied for more than twenty centuries—lesson so nearly compassed the perfection of art and good taste, that beyond mere metal and masonry we have been able to add little of value to them since. The ancient civilization and glory of the Greeks has passed away—their greatness in war, statesmanship, oratory, art, and poetry—but their consummate temples have wonderfully survived.

The most imposing of all the different buildings is the Parthenon, where men in ancient times gathered to listen to oratory and debate. It was built 437 years before Christ. It has 46 Doric columns (8 at each end and 17 along the sides—the corner columns being counted twice). They are 44 feet high and have a diameter of 6 feet 2 inches.

The entrance to the Acropolis has several Ionic columns, but we did not count them. It is called the Erechtheion, and is not in as good a state of preservation as the Parthenon.

We also saw the Hill of the Pynx, where Pericles and Demosthenes delivered their eloquent speeches.

At one side of the Acropolis is Mars Hill, where St. Paul, fifty-four years after Christ, preached to the Athenians about the true God, and converted many to Christianity.

It would take a long time to study the marvels of the Acropolis and a book to elucidate them.

We were next taken to lunch at the Grande Bretagne Lampsas, which is diagonally about a block from the Athenian Palace, where the king formerly resided. In front is a quite pretty park, with foliage and flowers in abundance. We also found the principal streets of Athens paved with asphalt, cleanly cared for and lined with shade trees.

I might drop into pure American and tell you that we have had a whale of a time, but chaste English has always been my highest ambition, and is deucedly desirable, don'tcha know. Every day seems too short

stores were tightly closed and the throngs of school children, in care of tutors, many young men and young ladies, seemed to be having a joyous time.

CONSTANTINOPLE

In my last letter mailed yesterday, I wrote about Athens. It was a quite short description of that city and its famous Acropolis, but I had no time to observe as we were whizzed along in autos.

We left that stronghold of great warriors at five p.m., and passed Phaleron Bay to the Aegean Sea to the Dardanelles, the key to Constantinople and the Bosphorus. It is a strip of water not unlike a canal, and is forty miles in length. They say it is strongly fortified, but we saw but one fort, on the opposite side of Chanak, about half way along the Dardanelles, where we halted to take the Turkish doctor and police aboard, for the perfunctory performance of official duties.

This Dardanelles is the gate to the Aegean Sea and the Sea of Marmara, from which the way is opened to the Golden Horn at Constantinople, the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. In the recent World War the English and French war ships tried to force a passage of the Dardanelles but failed. Whether or not it was a war strategy one can not decide. The British, however, came upon Turkey through Palestine.

We anchored in the Golden Horn at six o'clock on Tuesday evening, March 16th, and immediately after dinner went ashore on a tender, but returned after a short carriage drive, as the streets in general are poorly lighted, so we could not see much. A great many of the passengers went to theatres, dance halls and cabarets, which are numerous and cater a good class of patrons. At nine next morning we started on the regular shore excursion in automobiles.

The gaze, as we boarded the tender, was upon the great panorama made by Constantinople, dotted with minarets that thrust their slender tips skyward, overtopping the dome-shaped mosques, palatial buildings with beautiful gardens, and the narrow winding streets. The one-time residence of the Sultans, Stamboul, lay across the bridge connecting the new Constantinople constructed by King Constantine over five hundred years ago.

Having read much of St. Sophia, we were of course very eager to see this famous church. At one time it belonged to the Christians, but by conquest became a Mohammedan Mosque. They changed the altar, which formerly faced in the direction of Jerusalem, to face towards Mecca. It is a wonderful structure, domed at the top and surrounded by smaller domes, with four lofty minarets about twenty yards from the building at each corner of the high stone wall by which it is encompassed. We were obliged to put slippers over our shoes before being allowed to enter. The vast floor space is covered with rugs, and the inside of the domes, pillars and supporting arches, are beautifully painted and tiled.

The Mosque of Sultan Suleiman requires those who enter to take off their shoes or wear slippers over them which are put on by attendants. It is the most beautifully decorated interior that I have ever seen. The domes, pillars, arches and recesses, are all covered with blud figured tiling, looking as fresh and new as if placed there yesterday. The floor, which is nearly as large as that of St. Sophia, is covered with costly rugs.

Other mosques were visited, but I have no time nor knowledge enough to go into details.

Luncheon was served at the Pera Palace Hotel, a high-class hostelry. Indeed, all excursion luncheons ashore have been at the very best hotels.

In the afternoon, our sightseeing was marred by rain. The automobiles were covered, and though we did not get wet our view was greatly obstructed.

However, we saw the Burnt Column, a high round tower that looked like an obelisk, except for its shape, and seemed as if it had gone through fire and remained upright, all blackened and charred.

The Grand Bazaar next were inspected. They consist of a series of shops lined along severed streets that are covered at the top to make arcades. They sell very valuable rugs and gold embroidered fabric, with jewel hilted knives and daggers, rings, necklaces, and bracelets worked into mosaic patterns. As we did not understand values in this line, no purchases were made.

As the rain continued, we went back to the Adriatic at four o'clock. This was the first half day of bad weather that we had encountered. Ever since leaving Naples, the sea has been smooth and the weather bright with sunshine.

The good ship Adriatic is now plowing through the briny blue towards Haifa, where we spend a day on shore, going to see Nazareth. But about Palestine more anon, as they say in the serial stories.

I might drop into pure American and tell you that we have had a whale of a time, but chaste English has always been my highest ambition, and is deucedly desirable, don'tcha know. Every day seems too short

and tomorrow comes too soon. Before you have drawn a breath after visiting some place of interest, another interest intrudes, leaving no time for cogitation or rumination—if you know what of mean.

When we left Constantinople, it was raining—in fact, had been drizzling since two in the afternoon, which limited our drive through the streets and environs of Constantinople and Galata.

We passed through the Dardanelles at night, so when we went to breakfast the Adriatic was in the Aegean Sea. Off the coast of Greece, in the early afternoon, we passed the island of Patmos, to which St. John was banished and during his exile wrote the Book of Revelations.

HAIFA AND NAZARETH, PALESTINE

Shortly before ten o'clock on Saturday morning, March 20th, we reached Haifa, Palestine, and dropped anchor in the semicircular bay. Across it, opposite Haifa, we had a view of Acca, the landing place of the Crusaders, and also the place where Napoleon entered Palestine.

From a scenic point of view, a steamship is not justified in stopping at Haifa. But it is the nearest port to Nazareth—about twenty miles.

Haifa is built on a wide plain, running from the base of a range of high hills on a level to the bay. The buildings are crude and squalid with a few exceptions, which are quite pretty, with gardens of flowers and palms. The populace appeared to be made up mostly of Arabs, wearing turbans and flowing gowns.

Autos had been assigned to all who were booked for the excursion, the number on each ticket corresponding with the number pasted on the wind shield of the auto. Our party—Messrs. Fogarty, Kohlman, Souweine and Hodgson—rode in the car numbered "thirty-five."

First we were whirled up a narrow road to a monastery surmounting a lofty pinnacle of one of the high hills. The monastery is built upon the spot where the Prophet Elisha offered up a burnt sacrifice to God. It is adorned with paintings of Biblical incidents and has a crypt.

It is fronted by a walled garden of flowers and semi-tropical growths.

Then, back again through Haifa to the town of Nazareth, known through all the Christian world as the home of the Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

At the highest altitude of the drive over the smooth white roads, a pause was taken for all to view the Hills of Galilee and to see the Hill of Gilboa, where Saul met his death. Before us, with extensive spread and surrounded by hills, was the great Plain of Esdraeon.

We passed through several villages, which are all said to be Jewish colonies. The fields were covered with red poppies and beautiful white flowers, growing in wild abundance and very pleasing to the eye.

As we looked upon them, the Lord's injunction to the multitude intruded itself upon the mind: "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

We were in the Holy Land. It was among these hills and along this way that the Great Teacher had gathered and taught his disciples. It was here that He wrought miracles—healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and spake the word "Ephphatha" to the dumb.

It was in Palestine that God gave to Moses the Tablet of the Holy Law; and where Ruth gave voice to the perfect filial devotion, when she said to Naomi: "Whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

Almost immediately after reaching Nazareth we had luncheon at the Hotel Gallilee. This is under the management of some Christian monks—at least they were dressed as such, with skull cap, gown and girdle. A very good meal was served, including a white wine that tasted like sauterne, or Rhine Wine.

The hotel is adjointed by a caravansary, and has a high stone wall with iron gates. Inside the wall is a small space filled with flowers and trees and gravelled pathways.

After lunch, we were taken to Mary's well. A lot of women were filling big jars with water, which they carried on their heads at an angle of about seventy-five degrees. These jars are like those you see in sacred pictures, and probably will hold three gallons each. The women who bore them jauntily on their heads were black-eyed and pleasant featured.

They were what Americans would call "easy to look at."

Nazareth today is probably very little different from what it was two thousand years ago. Its size perhaps will be double what it was, but its people, their dress and customs, their houses and streets, remain the same. All the buildings(except the hotel) are one-story, stone structures that resemble a huge box, with a square hole cut in for a window and a larger and longer one for a door.

The annual ball of the Silent A. C. on the 17th, managed by happy Hal Keesal, saw a goodly crowd, with a meager sprinkling of dress suits, "500" was run in the parlor for the benefit of non-dancers. Only one of those St. Paul Swedes was entered, and of course she had to horn-in for second prize—thereby upholding the traditional "St. Paul luck."

Regarding this matter, I have a peach of a communication from a bright and breezy ex-Minnesotan who spent a year at Gallaudet, a year in Chicago, and has since lived in the big burgh across from Brooklyn and thereby qualifying as an

expert. The letter tickles me so that in places where they were necessary—such as the single-track, narrow-gauge, railway—along the sides was growing cactus that defied any one to climb over the top or break through its prickly defense.

So ends our visit to the Holy Land. Next stopping place is Alexandria, Egypt.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.
(To be continued)

CHICAGO.

The "frats" hold Silver Jubilee in May, The alumni a jubilee in June; The Nads and Nadites wing their merry way.

To Washington beneath an August noon. And something seems to tell me, as I count the cost, no joke—Yes, something seems to tell me I will be flat broke!

Sincerely,
HILDA SPONG."

I surrender, Hilda, don't shoot. Hurrah, the sweet Swede must have a drop or two of Irish blood in her—she writes so wittily. It is a pleasure to receive such letters, for I enjoy a good joke even when the joke is on myself.

The Tulip Club (hard of hearing) deserves the cordial support of every sincere citizen for its generous action in regard to dates. It originally secured the Silent A. C. for a vaudeville and dance on April 24, but postponed its function when it learned that the 24th was selected for the installation of our new Oral Division, N. F. S. D., No. 106. The Tulip Club "Entertainment and Dance" takes place in the Sac on May 8th. Three

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A Vaudeville Entertainment was given at St. Ann's Guild House Saturday evening, April 17th. An excellent program was shown, and the house was filled even to standing room. The profits of the evening will wipe out the debt incurred in the purchase of the printing press and outfit, which St. Ann's Church now has in the basement of the Guild House. The money for the setting up of this little print shop was borrowed from the Building Fund at interest. Since September the Printing Committee has been trying in various ways to raise money to pay back to the Building Fund. Mrs. J. H. McCluskey has lent her aid by arranging two vaudevilles this winter, one of which happened last October and made a profit of about \$75. The second one, last week's success, seems to have brought in about twice that figure for the Printing Fund.

The program consisted of some funny acting, several songs, and Kenney the Magician as the star attraction. Mr. William Renner, Chairman of the Printing Committee, made a hit as "Mama's Little Boy."

PROGRAM

CHARLESTON DANCERS (colored)—Clarence Madison, George Price.

RECITATION—"Tommy," by Miss Doris Ballance.

COMEDY—"Four a.m.," Mrs. J. H. McCluskey and Fred King.

A MEDLEY OF SONGS—"The Long, Long Trail," Mrs. McCluskey; "Good-bye, Dolly Gray"; "Just A Song At Twilight," Miss Makowska.

COMEDY—"The Dream Scientist," Mr. Renner, Misses Doris Ballance and Alice Atkinson.

SONG—"Always," Wanda Makowska as Irving Berlin; Jessie Garrick as Ellen Mackay.

COMEDY—"The Toy Shop," Shop Proprietress—W. Makowska. Little Clarence—William Renner. Clarence's Mama—Mrs. McCluskey. Spanish Dolls—Doris Patterson and Raymond McCarthy.

Charleston Doll—Ethel Breneisen. Russian Doll—Edmund Hicks. Scotch Doll—Jessie Garrick. Charlie Chaplin Toy—Edward Carr. Toy Indian—Robert Fitting. Toy Soldier—Doris Ballance.

RECITATION—"The Road to Mandalay," by Miss Doris Ballance.

KENNY—The Great Magician.

THE BRONX FRATS' SPRING DANCE.

Last Saturday evening, April 24th, the Bronx Frats held their Spring Dance, at the San Salvador (K. of C.) Hall, 121st Street and Madison Avenue, Manhattan.

It was not largely attended, owing to the fact that at the hour that those who start out to attend such affairs, it began to rain, and did not let up all evening.

Sam Salvador Hall, now occupied by the Knights of Columbus, and let out to outside organizations for Receptions, Dances, etc., was formerly a church, and has been remodeled for the purpose it is now being used. Its dance floor is large.

Dancing was kept up till midnight, and then most of those present, who failed to bring umbrellas or rain coats, lingered for an hour or so, for it was raining very hard out of doors.

There were prizes, for holding a certain admission ticket, and for the organization most represented, etc.

J. Stagliabotti won a basket of choice fruit.

Abe Alexander, fifteen dollars; Paul Tarlen, ten dollars; Carl Berg, five dollars.

The following is the number of members represented from various organizations, the winner—the Brooklyn Frats, getting the Silver Cup. Brooklyn Frats, 17; Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 12; Hebrew Association of the Deaf, 8; Manhattan Frats, 6; Newark Frats, 4; Jersey City Frats, 3.

The judges, who decided the winners were: Messrs. Thomas Cosgrove, Harry Pierce Kane and John O'Rourke.

The Arrangement Committee of the affair were: Joseph R. Collins (Chairman), Joseph Graham (Vice-Chairman), Jack Sobel, Albert Lazar and Edward Bonvillain.

The officers of Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., for 1926 are as follows: Fred C. Berger, President; Matthew M. Blake, Vice-President; Edward P. Bonvillain, Secretary; Anthony Rubano, Treasurer; Harold Skidmore, Director; William Hausman, Sergeant-at-Arms; Board of trustees, William Hansen, Jacob Keiper and Joseph Leghorn.

Emil Basch spent last week in Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y., stopping at the same place where he boarded when he was there for medical treatment. He went there by auto through the kindness of a friend. He missed meeting many who were there while he was a boarder, but saw plenty of snow.

William Paul, the father of Sam A. Paul and Fannie Friedman, died suddenly of apoplexy and paralysis on April 19th, at their home. His death shocked his grown-up children, as he was stricken four days only. He was buried at the Mt. Zion Cemetery.

Henry Mueller of Rumson, N. J., couldn't resist the lure of the diamond—baseball diamond, and spent the week-end in the city, and last Friday was among the baseball "fans" at the Yankee Stadium, who witnessed Babe Ruth make home run.

John O'Rourke, who toured the country as far as the Pacific, and the leisurely toured back again struck our burg on Thursday last. He was among those present at the Bronx Frats' Spring Dance on Saturday, April 24th.

Victor Hariton, the portrait artist of Brooklyn, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. That was six weeks ago, and he has recuperated wonderfully.

Miss Bessie Levy, of the Bronx, and Joseph Halpert, of Brooklyn, N. Y., heralded their engagement last week. They are to be married on Sunday, May 2d.

South Carolina.

Dr. N. F. Walker, one of the best and oldest deaf educators, has just recovered from what was considered a serious illness and now enjoys his usual health. He is over eighty-one years old and still holds his job as the superintendent of the school for the deaf and the blind at Cedar Spring, S. C.

Definite arrangements have just been made for the South Carolina Association of the Deaf to meet this summer. It will hold its convention at the School for the Deaf and the Blind from Wednesday evening to Saturday morning, August 4th to 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Smoak, of Union, S. C., motored to High Point, N. C., April 3d, to spend the Easter with the former's brother, Mr. Eustace C. Smoak. On Easter Sunday 80 deaf persons from Greensboro and other nearby places flocked to High Point, where they had a good preaching by Rev. R. C. Fortune, of Durham, and also enjoyed a picnic.

One of the daily papers in Columbia, S. C., furnished the following item: Mrs. Eula Rawl Brandt was hostess last Friday evening, at a bridge party at her home. Mrs. Robert Cave won first prize, with the second prize going to Mr. J. V. Glover. Those enjoying the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cave, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Glover, Misses Myrtle and Jimmy Rawl, and C. B. Lyles, W. W. Goss, Osgood Darby, W. H. Lyles, E. E. Gaston, and J. V. Glover, of Greenville, S. C.

After spending several months at Rock Hill, S. C., Mr. Frank Smoak went back to Columbia, S. C., a short time ago, and is now working at the Columbia Vulcanizing Works.

Mr. Louis Fant is now at Greenville, S. C., working in a printing office. He was transferred there from Anderson, S. C., some time ago by his boss, who owns offices in both places.

Mr. Brown Smoak has been sick for a long time. He had to give up his job in Greensboro, S. C., went home at Filbert, S. C., to be cared for by his folks. According to the recent reports very slim hope, if any, is entertained for his recovery, he being a bed-ridden invalid now.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Cave, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Glover, Misses Myrtle and Jimmy Rawl, and C. B. Lyles, W. W. Goss, Osgood Darby, W. H. Lyles, E. E. Gaston, and J. V. Glover, of Greenville, S. C.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Cave, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Glover, and their children, spent one summer last month with Mrs. J. M. Carter, of Winsboro, S. C., who is considered the best hotel keeper there.

Mr. Everett E. Gaston, of Columbia, S. C., and Miss Grace Buffkins, of Green Sea, S. C., were united in holy matrimony on the 14th of this month. After several days trip through country to Charlotte, and Asheville, N. C., Greenville, Spartanburg, Cedar Spring, S. C., and other places, they went to Columbia, S. C., to make their home at 1720 Hampton Street.

Rev. J. W. Michaels was in Columbia, S. C., last month, on his evangelistic trip. It is reported that he will be given a permanent place in Richmond, Va., soon.

Mr. Osgood Darby, of Columbia, S. C., lost his mother and aunt both in one week. In their death, especially the former, he suffered a severe loss, as he always depended on them. We have not heard just now what he will do.

Mrs. Warren Belk (formerly Miss May Thompson) spent a few days with her home folks at New Brookland, S. C., some time ago. She was recently married, and is now living in Charlotte, N. C., where Mr. Belk works under his father, who is a contractor.

Miss Sallie Hoy, of Sumter, S. C., goes to Columbia, S. C., every now and then to be with her sister for week-end, and incidentally enjoys meeting the deaf crowd there.

Miss C. Bell Rogers, one of the faculty at Cedar Spring, S. C., went to High Point, N. C., some time last month to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Eustace C. Smoak.

HEBERT R. SMOAK.

Gallaudet College

runs each in the sixth, seventh, and eighth.

Reneau and Lau were the only Kendall Greeners to slam England's offerings for more than one hit apiece, each marking up two hits.

TANKS SQUASH GALLAUDET

With aching backs and unshaven chins the campers struggled back to the culture of Kendall Green after roughing it (with oil stoves and honest-to-goodness spring beds) for five days in the densely populated "wilds" in the vicinity of Great Falls, Va. "Why, you missed the greatest game ever!" was the invariable greeting of the intrepid campers to those who did not go.

Having allowed nine runs, Burns was supplanted by Roberts, who was unable to stem the Tanks' rampage.

Illness, taking innumerable forms, still holds tenaciously to our campus. The latest victim was Alice Little, 29 who was taken home by her mother on account of recurring rheumatic fever. She is to return next year to re-join her class or as a Social Student.

Wednesday, April 14th, was the momentous day of the great exodus. Party leaders, excused from classes, set out, amid envious glances of the less fortunate, for Rosslyn on a truck with our goods. To the rest of the vacationists, 12:15 p.m., when the spring vacation was to begin, would never come up, but it finally did.

Lunch was speedily put away, and the happy vacationists stormed the Rosslyn street cars, striking the Washington straphangers dumb with the incongruous combination of camping apparel and traveling bags *de luxe*.

To the relief of the anxious commuters the trolley managed to reach Rosslyn with barely enough time for them to purchase passage to Great Falls.

Vituperative comments were made concerning the exasperating slowness of the ticket seller. Somehow, the Gallaudetians succeeded in obtaining their tickets just in the time to board the Great Falls cars. Forty-five minutes and they were at Great Falls!

Every one of the campers experienced a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as he viewed the interminably long hill up which the camping paraphernalia was to be carried.

After countless theories as to

whether the easiest way to accomplish this were proposed and rejected, they resorted to the coolie system, putting their backs and hands to good use.

Tents were finally pitched and ovens assembled. The cooks had their hands full, keeping the famished rawtiers from devouring the meat raw.

After what seemed to the starving men an eternity, the meat plus other delicacies such as coffee and potatoes, were at last served by perspiring chefs.

A perfect meal under their belts, they could not think of anything better than going to bed. Lights, one by one, went out, and snores that disturbed nobody arose on all sides.

Everywhere we go, the dark spectre of catastrophe goes. On the first day of camp, Axman, '29, unfortunately cut his foot with an ax while cutting firewood. He was taken back to Washington where he received medical treatment.

He was, however, back in camp the next day, thinking too well of camp life to remain on Kendall Green.

For the next few days cameras busily clicked with admonitions to "look cheerful,"—these admonitions coming from the photographers, of course—and any time one would be startled out of his reverie, if he happened to be indulging in one, by the "bang" of Landry's flashlight, the result of which activities being the table in the Men's Reading Room littered with snapshots.

Nightly cards flopped on the table in the warm station below, accompanied by noisy laughter and fists slapping on the table for emphasis.

The weatherman must have harbored in his bosom a kindly regard for the campers, for unclouded weather was their portion until Sunday, when they were forced to the shelter of the station by a flurry of snow.

Back bent to the arduous task of paddling canoes on the unruly Potomac. Old Trammell, the boatman, was besieged by eager canoeists for "good and swift" canoes. The excitement of canoeing reached a climax when, Friday, the wind kicked up a squall. Daring paddlers, essayed forth on the rising billows, deriving an indescribable thrill in shooting over white caps. Roy, resident of Greenville for over twenty years, has many staunch friends and his young bride is a lovable person whithersoever she may go.

During the meeting of the P. S. A. D. on Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harris were presented with a lovely bedspread and a pyrex pie plate, for their recent wedding from their old friends. Roy, resident of Greenville for over twenty years, has many staunch friends and his young bride is a lovable person whithersoever she may go.

A. W. Wright made a purchase of a lot and an eight room-house in the thickly settled district of Broadway in this city the other day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pickett, of Tacoma, were over the weekend visiting the latter's mother.

The Partridge family motored to Richmond Beach last Sunday, it being a beautiful day and visited the Firland hospital where Mrs. Koberstein was for quite a while before she died. On their way back they stopped at Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Waugh's home and took supper with them by invitation.

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Monday was indeed blue, for the campers, who were beginning to enjoy camp life, had to get up at five and break camp. Distracted cooks scurried here and there gleaned what they could for the last breakfast. The tents disappeared as if by magic, leaving the cooks to wash the dishes with the sky as their roof. In an incredibly short time, everything was packed and ready for the freight.

A bunch of hikers set out for college on the highway, expecting to reach Kendall Green late in the evening, but great was the surprise of those who chose to take the trolley when they found the "hikers" but half an hour behind them, a kind-hearted truck-driver having given them a lift.

Yes, indeed, those who did not go camping missed a grand, glorious time.

MARYLAND TROUNCE GALLAUDET

Playing a rather sloppy game, the University of Maryland nine handed to the Gallaudetians a 12-to-6 defeat Wednesday, April 21st. It was not a game spectators like, the Old Liners making ten errors, and the Kendall Greeners three.

The Terrapins scored almost continuously, obtaining one each in the first and second innings, three in the third, two in the fourth, one each in the fifth and seventh innings and a trio in the eighth frame. The Buff and Blue men were able to get only two

cream and coffee, were served. Mr. and Mrs. Brown came to Seattle twelve years ago, from Kansas and Colorado.

Mrs. George Riley, of Victory, B. C., was among those present, coming down the day before to do shopping in preparation for an eastern trip next June. She is visiting her mother and is being invited out to dinners among her old Seattle friends.

Mrs. Albert Lorenz of Tacoma was also a guest at the anniversary party, having returned from a visit to her daughter in Davenport, Wash., and where she had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of her first granddaughter.

While about his work in the printing office, W. S. Root came near having a serious accident. Carrying a form to the job press, he tripped over his little son, who was in the office at the time. His wrist was sprained, his back wrenched and some skin rubbed off his knee. The form was pied.

Jack Bertram is quite a golf enthusiast. The other Sunday he took A. W. Wright as his guest and they played on the 9-hole course at the Jefferson links till dusk. Jack has presented his daughter Marion with a golf set.

Mrs. Pauline Gustin's friends are beginning to drop in to see the new home that she recently moved into. One night there were eight present, all coming in one by one.

The younger people, under the leadership of Eddie Martin and Rex Oliver, started the outing season Saturday night the 17th, when a trip was made on one of the Sound ferries to Vashon Island, and a bonfire lighted on the beach. They returned on the last midnight ferry.

Others are July—Mrs. MacGregor, August—Mrs. Wark, September—Miss King, October—Mrs. Connolly, November—Mrs. Cluny. Dates will be made known later. Mrs. Carr, who is a sister of Mrs. Cavanaugh, and looks after her at the Home, was admitted as an associate member. Mrs. Cavanaugh is badly crippled from rheumatism.

The Commercial Bowling League, composed of some sixteen teams, and which the Silents were members, closed the bowling season last week. Two teams tied for first place with 44 won and 19 lost, and right behind them the Silents tied for second place with another team, winning 43 and losing 20. Fred Henrich of the Silents was high man in individual ten' and thirty frames and won \$8.00 in prizes.

Last night the boys held a meeting and decided to enter the league

Canadian Clippings.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Margaret Ross, who is an expert telephone operator, is now an "Hello Girl" at the Western Hospital on Bathurst Street.

Mr. John Maynard went to Detroit lately to hunt for a job, but at the time of writing, we have not heard if he has secured work or not. Should he remain there for good, he will be much missed here.

Mr. Arnold G. Brigden, of Winnipeg, nephew of our late Superintendent, Mr. Frederick Brigden, was married on April 17th to Miss Florence Brackinreid, of this city. By the way, the bride is a cousin of the Middleton family, of Horning Mills.

After a couple of weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scott, Miss Edith Squires, left for her home in Petrolia.

Mr. Roy Cheney has gone to Detroit to look for work. Haven't heard yet if he has landed a job.

Mr. Thomas A. Middleton, of Horning Mills was the guest of Mr. and Mr. H. W. Roberts from April 16th to 21st. He arrived in good time for the big event at Old Orchard Pavilion on the 16th. On Sunday evening, April 18th, a number of his friends came out and spent the evening with him at "Mora Glen."

Mr. Colin McLean spoke very well on the origin and meaning of Life at our Church, on April 18th, and was greeted by a good turn out. The usual hymn was nicely rendered by Miss Marion Powell.

Miss Muriel Allen took a trip out to her old home in Hamilton to see her parents for the week-end of April 17th.

Mr. H. W. Roberts was a member of a committee that got up a big party and dance at Old Orchard Pavilion on April 16th. It was a grand affair and made up of the Roberts-Sackett-Runciman relatives and friends and among the seventy or more who turned up were the following Deaf. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McGillivray, Messrs. R. S. Edwards, T. A. Middleton and David Lawrence.

Once more, Miss Dorothy Byrne was obliged to undergo a very serious operation in an effort to bring her relief from her crippled condition. At time of writing her condition is reported to be very serious. Our deepest feelings of sorrow go out to the afflicted and worried parents, and sincerely trust the patient will come through all right. She is the eldest child of our worthy and beloved deaconess and interpreter.

Mrs. John E. Crough, who has been with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr., here for several weeks past, left with her three children for her home in Walkerville, on April 12th, accompanied by her sister, Miss Lucy Buchan, who expects to remain in the Border cities for awhile.

KITCHENER KINDLINGS

Glad to see Mrs. William Hagen around again after a siege with the Grippe that forced her to bed for a while.

Mr. Asa Forrester, of Toronto, gave us a splendid talk on the "Way of Transgressor," at our meeting on April 11th, and Mrs. William Hagen recited a beautiful hymn.

After the meeting here on April 11th. Mrs. Ida Cherry Robertson, of Preston, remained and took tea with Miss Margaret Golds.

On March 24th, Mr. Wilbur Elliot, of Ingersoll, dropped into this city to look up old friends.

On April 4th, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Williams and children hied away to the hospitable farm of Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrgang in Speedville where they had a grand time out in the open country.

Mrs. Hough, of Foxborough, spent Easter week with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Hagen. She motored all the way up from near Belleville and returned in the same way.

We were surprised yet pleased to see Mr. Percy Smith, of Owen Sound, in our midst again. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black for a few days lately. In the mean time he paid a visit Elmira, Preston and Gault. Being unable to get work here he left on April 15th, to visit friends in Walkerville.

MOOSE JAW MENTIONS.

Mr. and Mrs. Brethauer returned to their home in Regina, after spending the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waugh. They report a lovely time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waugh were surprised yet delighted to receive a call from Miss Rose Hawkins, who is trying to find work in this city.

Miss Augus Derkson was a guest of the Waugh family over Easter.

Mr. W. G. Bell has been out of work nearly all winter, but expects to be very busy soon.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waugh, on March 30th, when they gave a birthday party for their youngest son, who is now eleven years old. About a dozen of his playmates made merry with him besides showering him with many presents. His parents gave him a lovely piano. The Misses Derk-

DETROIT.

son and McDowell helped Mrs. Waugh in entertaining the children.

Miss Morrow, a graduate of the Winnipeg School for the Deaf, died at her home in Regina, on February 2d last. She had been suffering for over eight weeks with a weak heart and goitre trouble.

It is twelve years since Mrs. W. J. Waugh left her home in Ontario and came west, and since her marriage she and her husband have been living very happily together in their bungalow, which they own, and may motor in their car for a visit to Winnipeg this summer.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

On being shown a sample copy of the JOURNAL and told its value to the deaf. Miss Alma Brown, of Orangeville, promptly handed in her subscription to this worthy paper. Such case like this are of common occurrence. Miss Brown's deaf brother, Mr. Thomas Brown, is doing very nicely on his farm at Markdale.

After visiting with their son-i-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timson at Long Branch since Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren, left on April 22d, for their home in Raglan. The McLarens are well-known and much respected among the deaf everywhere.

Glad to hear that the JOURNAL Editor, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, has arrived home safely after a delightful cruise of the Mediterranean. Through the writer, he wishes to congratulate the deaf of Toronto and Ontario on the acquisition of such a fine new church and he hopes to come and see it soon.

The Sign Language is of advantage to the hearing public, in at least one way and this is how it could have helped. The Rev. Howard L. Roberts, M.A., B.D., of Brantford, was expecting his brother, Herbert and his wife, from Toronto to arrive in the "Tele-Phone City" on the "Chicago Flyer," on April 8th, and wished to meet them, but, being alone, and fearing other relatives would arrive from other points for his wedding, got a friend to go and meet the "flyer" for him. His friend kindly obliged, "but" said he, "how can I find them out among the crowd when I've never met them before?" "Don't worry," replied the minister, "just watch around and when you see a couple talking in signs or on their fingers, accost them and ask the gentleman if he is Mr. Roberts." "Grand Idea," retorted his friend, as he stepped on the gas and whisked away stationward. However, the train had got in sooner than expected and Herb and wife had taken a taxi for the parsonage before his friend got to the station. Soon after a phone message came to the parsonage saying this, "Nothing doing, every one is dead quiet." "Sorry," replied the minister, "but they are here now."

The stork has been busy again and this time he left a ten-pound baby-boy to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Port Huron Mich. The little youngster arrived on April 19th, and they call him Raymond. Mrs. Mackie was formerly Miss Elsie Lockie, of Sarnia, and is a sister of Miss Alice Lockie, of the "Tunnel City."

If there is any good young single man, who is experienced in farm work, desirous of obtaining steady work for the season at good wages, he would do well to write to Mr. Thomas A. Middleton, R. R. 3, Shelburne, Ont., for particulars. The country air up there is very nice and invigorating all the season round.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Wark, of Wyoming, motored to Sarnia on April 18th, and eaving their car at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson, took the ferry for Port Huron, Mich., to attend the funeral of a cousin of Mrs. Wark. They returned home the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson, of Sarnia, enjoyed their first long auto-drive in their new car this spring, by going out to Wyoming and returning on April 18th. They took a couple of friends along with them and covered over thirty-two miles.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 605 Wilson Avenue, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave., and Monumet St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M. Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M. Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M. Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M. Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M. Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M. Other Places by Appointments.

PITTSBURGH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHEISON, Pastor. MR. DAN BAKER, Interpreter for the Deaf. Sabbath School—10 A.M.

Sermon—11 A.M. Preacher meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M. Everybody Welcome.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

To the EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—In the JOURNAL of April 1st, I asked the members of the N. A. D. to send the Committee on Laws suggestions for amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association. After a careful study of the Constitution and By-Laws, I found that the Committee has no LEGAL power to decide on amendments. The law requires that amendments must be submitted to the President of the Association in writing, and published by him in the leading newspapers for the deaf for at least sixty days before the meeting of the Association in National Convention, and then such amendments shall require a two-thirds vote, a quorum voting, for its adoption.

In my article I pointed out the evils of proxy voting and suggested that a change be made. I intend to offer an amendment restoring the mail vote. Many members are dissatisfied with the proxy vote plan. A member (who belongs to a faction and has the presidential bee buzzing in his head), held seventy-eight proxies and virtually controlled the election of officers at the Atlanta Convention. If the Association decides to change the proxy voting system, it will be in force after the convention which is to be held in Washington, D. C., this summer.

There should be an amendment to the Constitution and By-Laws of the N. A. D. to the effect that at each convention the members shall decide upon the meeting place of the next convention. The Executive Committee selected Washington, D. C., as the meeting place of the convention.

While we entertain no personal objection to the selection of Washington as the next convention city, it is evident that the selection of Washington was in accord with President Roberts' personal preference, that there was no opportunity offered any other city following orderly parliamentary procedure, that there is no special reason for meeting in Washington—a section already surfeited with conventions, and where the N. A. D. can do the least to educate the public as to the deaf.

In the *Jewish Deaf*, one year ago, Mr. George W. Veditz, a former president of the N. A. D., made a suggestion that the N. A. D. conventions coincide with those of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf as time and place.

He did not mean that both the N. A. D. and the N. F. S. D. should meet as one body. He said that many of the deaf belong to both, but can not afford to attend both meetings held at different times and places, and that he believed that under the proposed arrangement the N. A. D. would gain many more members than it has now.

The *Minnesota Companion* agreed with Mr. Veditz's views. I am of the opinion that it would be a good thing to have an amendment to the By-Laws of the N. A. D., making the conventions coincide with those of the N. F. S. D. as to time and place.

What is needed is a PROGRESSIVE, FEARLESS Board of Officers. Nearly all the members of the present Board are connected with schools for the deaf. They have taken no heart in the fight for a better educational system in the schools for the deaf, because their bread and butter are in them. The wise course for the members is to elect officers of the Association who are not connected with the schools for the deaf and can do effective fighting for the welfare of the deaf. They should be chosen for fitness, integrity and capacity. I am of the opinion that every State in the Union should be represented on the Board of Officers.

The Association needs a leader. An organization without a leader is in the same plight as a ship without a pilot.

In connection with the election of officers, this writer wishes to call your attention to the fact that a great many of the members of the N. A. D. favor the election of Mr. Alexander L. Pach, of New York City, to the office of president. They think that he is the right man for the office. If elected, he will give the best that is in him to further the aims of the Association. He understands the deaf and their needs. He is always ready to offer any assistance to promote the interests of the deaf. He is a gentleman of high attainments, refinement and good character.

ROBERT C. MILLER.

MORGANTON, N. C., April 15, 1926.

DETROIT.

One of the best and most successful entertainments was given by the D. A. D., Sunday evening, April 5th, under the management of J. J. Heller, Gilbert Worley and Franklin Thomley. It was a moving picture show of the late Flint reunion and the unveiling of the N. F. D. Tablet. Those that failed to attend the reunion, managed to gaze upon the real thing for the small sum of 25 cents. Over a hundred turned out to do justice to the untiring efforts of the committee. They were mostly comprised of Canadians, who in return hope that Detroiters will reciprocate by attending their entertainments to raise funds for the coming Ontario Convention next summer.

Every deaf-mute who attended the Michigan School for the deaf, is lamenting the over the death of Prof. Willis Hubbard. He was a teacher at the Michigan School for 56 years before he was retired upon a pension. During the 27 years he has been on the retired list, he has made it a rule to keep up with the doings of the deaf, especially the N. D. D. The younger deaf remember him lovingly for his kind deeds in distributing fruit to them whenever he visited the school, which was quite frequently, as he was long a resident of Flint, Michigan. He attended the last Reunion last June.

The clipping below is from the *Detroit News*. Fred Pence is from Illinois and hardly ever mingles with the deaf. He is quoted by other deaf drivers as being in trouble before, as he is subject to certain kinds of spells. If he is found to be at fault for the accident, the police are liable to take his car and license away. This is rather a serious matter and the Detroit chapter of the M. A. D. should look into it. Detroit is a hard city for the Detroit Deaf to get driver's licenses and the officers of the M. A. D. know it.

WOMAN HIT BY AUTO

Fred Pence, 27, of 76 Ford Avenue, Highland Park a deaf-mute, was to be questioned today about the automobile accident in which his car killed Mrs. Christina Potenka, 21, of 327 West End avenue, at West Jefferson and Dearborn Avenues, incurring severe injuries.

Severus Seppennan, who has put up with the Hall Room problem for several years, is now happy and contented. His parents have removed to Detroit recently from Northern Michigan. A small mining town. Severus immediately and gladly made his home with the old folks.

Merton A. Fielding, president of the D. A. D., was in Chicago nine days with his little daughter. When he left with his parents. Upon his return home Sunday at midnight, he found his wife very sick at the Hospital. A ten-pound baby-boy arrived. Both mother and baby doing finely. His name is Merton H. Fielding.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Friday, the stork left a 10-pound baby girl April 5th.

Mrs. Wilbur Wells left for her home in Southern Illinois to nurse her sick and father on his farm. She will be gone about one or two months.

A delightful birthday party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Engall, from 3 to 11 P.M. It was in honor of Mr. Engall. A deluge of friends came and stayed until the closing hour, 11 P.M. A sumptuous spread was had. Mr. Engall was presented with many useful gifts.

Miss Selma Schmidt has been laid up for a week with the Flu.

Marcus Osmanson and Frank Brown, of Royal Oak, Mich., went to St. Clair Heights to try their luck with the finny tribe.

Mr. Calveon W. Rhodes, of Metamora, Michigan, sold his farm for \$14,500 and turned to city life in Inkster, Mich., near Ford's River Rouge Plant, where he has secured work.

John Burgess, wife and two children, have gone to visit friends and parents in North Dakota for two months.

Gilbert Worley, who operates the D. A. D. picture machine, has a new Essex car.

During the five days shut down of the company, he motored to St. Joseph, Mich., to visit his parent. Then to Flint, Grand Rapids, Iowa, then home Sunday night, April 11th. He is back at the Hudson Motor Co. again.

Harold Lundgren was called from Flint, Mich., to return to his job as Lathe Hand at the Hudson Motor Co. again.

F. E. RYAN.

10222 John R Street.

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